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Brenda's face showed the contours of guilt, and regret. Though it was subtle, it was unmistakably there. "You love patronizing me, Margaret. But know this —if one person doesn't understand you, it's fine. But if everyone stops understanding you, it's not the people who are wrong. It's your action that's not right enough." Her lips curled in a self-mocking smile as she added, "And that's where I have failed. How can I be righteous when I can't even make my own daughter understand me?" 1

Margaret, who had been quietly listening, hesitated before speaking, her tone gentle yet firm. "Madam, Ms. Catrin never tried to understand you. She always thought you were putting her through struggles, but she never knew that even in those struggles you were always there to help her. If only you would let her know, she might have understood you better."

Brenda raised her hand to stop her. "There is no need for that. A late appreciation will bring me nothing, nor do I desire it."

"But Madam —"



"That's enough, Margaret. You are wasting my time now," Brenda interrupted, her tone shifting instantly, getting back to its usual playfulness. "We are going to have guests today, yet here you are delaying me with your chatter."

Margaret sighed softly, recognizing the subject was closed for discussion. "As you say, Madam," she replied with a small bow of her head.

Brenda stood, adjusting her shawl with regal grace. "Good. Now go and make sure everything is in the right order. Arwen would be coming along with her husband for the first time. I want everything to be perfect."

Margaret nodded and then left to check everything again. While Brenda darted her gaze around the room before turning to leave. "I am going back to my room first. Let me know when everything is done." Saying that, she left.

Meanwhile, back at the hospital, Delyth had just finished taking her medicine when Ryan walked into her room.

"Ryan!" she called, weakly but when came to matching his gaze she couldn't bear to look into his eyes. The cold distance was too evident in



the way he looked at her. "I —"

Ryan simply glanced at her for a second before shifting his gaze to the nurse who was there.

"How is she now?"

"Mr. Foster," the nurse greeted politely before darting her gaze to Delyth on her side. "Ms. Ember is doing completely fine now. Her bruises are healing and the doctor has said that most of them probably won't even leave the marks."

Ryan nodded to her. The nurse took the tray in her hand, putting on a soft, professional smile, she then added, "I will take my leave now, Mr. Foster. Ms. Ember has been given the medicine and she can take her rest now." She then turned to Delyth and said, "Ms. Ember, let me know if you need me anytime."

With that, she walked out of the room, leaving Ryan and Delyth alone.

"You have anything to say?" Ryan asked, stepping further inside.

Delyth visibly hesitated, not knowing what to say. Though she had spent the entire night thinking about this, she still couldn't come up with a way to deal with it. "Ryan, yesterday, I didn't know how it happened. I was —"



"Why did you do that?" Ryan's cold voice interrupted her, cutting off her escape. She thought she would try to act innocent, but she didn't think this time Ryan wouldn't even give her the face to defend herself.

"Ryan, I —"

"Since when have you been doing this?" Ryan asked again, his gaze turning all so sharp, making Delyth stiffen. "Were you deliberate every time?"

"Ryan, I don't understand what you are —"

"Arwen was in a critical state in that accident, yet you made me believe that she was not. You said she had called for an ambulance already."

"I—I told you I might have misheard it. I was also involved in the same accident too," Delyth stammered, trying to defend, but for the known reasons, her words no longer held the same confidence. Maybe it was Ryan's gaze that made her falter.

Neither Ryan's gaze nor his tone softened for her. "You pushed Arwen off that wheelchair."

Though her face paled at that, shaking her head, she refused to accept. "No, Ryan. I didn't. You saw it with your own eyes. She pushed me



Instead. You were there. How can you even say that?"

"You texted our pictures, making her believe something that wasn't even there."

The more he spoke the more Delyth realized felt impossible to defend herself. Not because she hadn't thought of ways to protect herself, but because Ryan no longer seemed to believe even a word she was uttering. His gaze at her just remained cold and distant as if he wasn't seeking her reason, rather he was letting her know that he had come to understand it all.

"You even made fans attack her, once again making them misunderstand the relationship we share. Didn't you?" Ryan added the next of her tricks. "You falsely accused her of doing things to you that she didn't do. You deliberately did it every time —each and every time."

"..." Delyth's fingers gripped the sheets, slowly her facade of innocence slipping bit by bit.

"Yesterday, you plotted again, intentionally making me believe that something terrible happened to you. Something happened to you because I failed to protect you —because I failed to honor the promise Zeke made me swear to."



At that, Delyth's carefully constructed restraint snapped. Her hands clenched the blanket, her eyes blazing as she matched his gaze, more defiantly. She no longer seemed to look as soft and innocent as she had always made herself look. Rather she turned to the real her, the one she had always tried to keep in the shadows.

"Fine!" she burst out, accepting it, her voice trembling with anger and frustration. "I did it. I did it all—all of it. But so what? Are you going to punish me for it? Do you dare?" 1

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